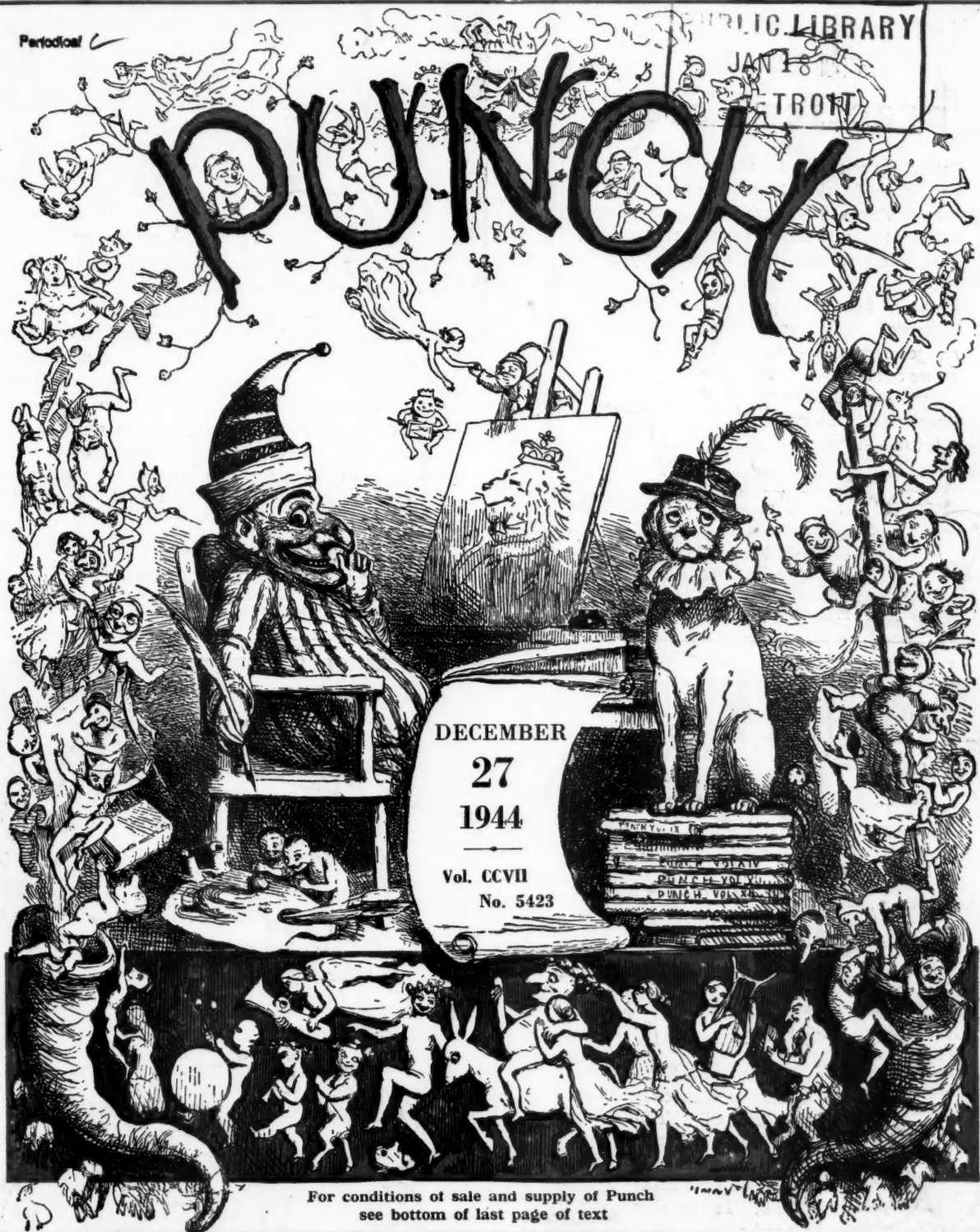


The best that  
money can buy...  
or points procure

# Huntley & Palmers Biscuits

Periodical



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch  
see bottom of last page of text



## Player's Please



# GAS

## has a practical plan

Better housing will be a first essential of peace-time Britain. New gas and gas-and-coke services will be introduced by the Gas Industry to give housewives what they deserve — more comfortable, healthier and easy-to-run homes. Step-saving kitchens, automatically controlled cookers and refrigerators, smoke-free rooms and abundant hot water. These and other amenities will be available to all — through gas.

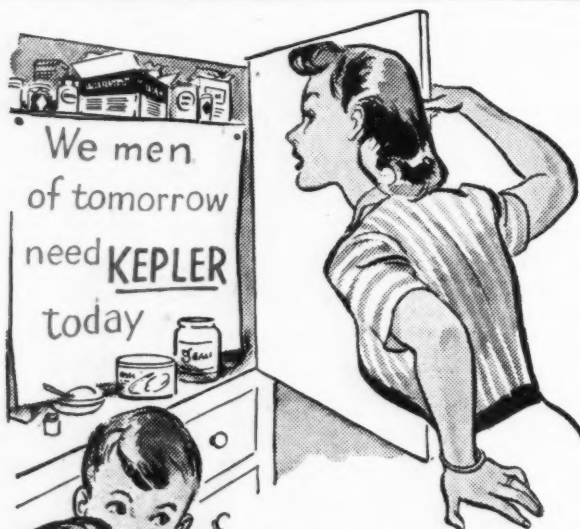


Ask for information at your local Gas Showrooms

### Meanwhile-Save GAS

(30)

BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION, LONDON, S.W.1



Careful mothers choose 'Kepler' Cod Liver Oil with Malt Extract. They know it contains food as well as vitamins — and children love its delicious malty flavour. In two sizes 3/3 and 5/9

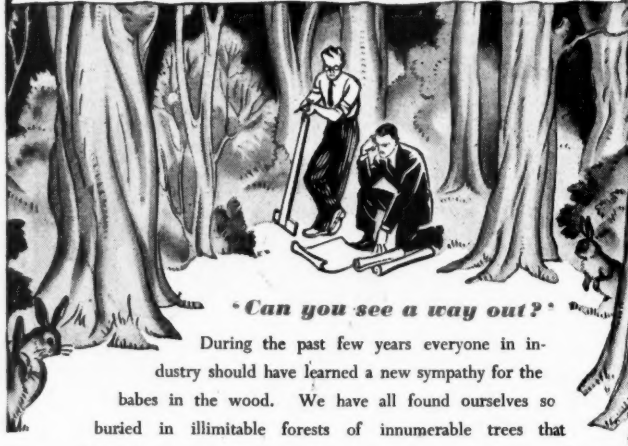
There's FOOD

as well as vitamins in 'KEPLER' BRAND  
COD LIVER OIL WITH MALT EXTRACT

BURROUGHS WELLCOME AND CO., LONDON



## The wood & the trees



*"Can you see a way out?"*

During the past few years everyone in industry should have learned a new sympathy for the babes in the wood. We have all found ourselves so buried in illimitable forests of innumerable trees that each of us must have wondered at times, if there really was a way out. At such depressing moments, many fine engineers have found it useful to get an outside view: "Have a look at this, Simmonds. Can you see a way out?" Sometimes we can. Not because we are more clever than the people we serve—but because we can more easily stand back from the problem. And, of course, because tackling the problems of one industry often helps in solving those of another.

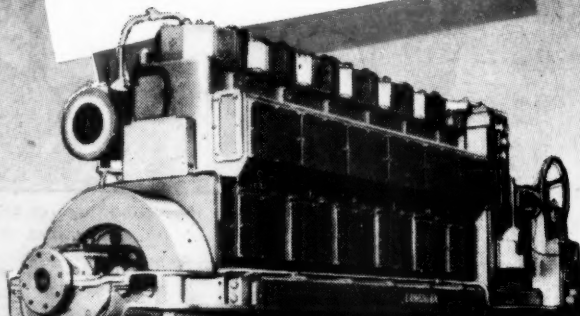
## S I M M O N D S

### Servants to Industry

Simmonds Aerocessories Ltd., Great West Road, London. A Company of the Simmonds Group.  
LONDON • MELBOURNE • MONTREAL • PARIS • NEW YORK • LOS ANGELES

9

*Greetings to our friends  
everywhere, and may the  
coming year truly bring  
Peace and Goodwill to all.*



**CROSSLEY BROTHERS LIMITED**  
*The Engine Builders*  
MANCHESTER 11 ENGLAND



Something to look forward to!

**Mackintosh's**  
"always in quality street"

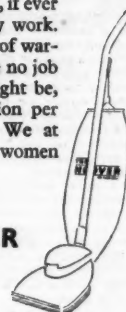


### The Hand that held the Hoover guides the Barge!

A Woman Bargee? That's a man's job, you'd think, if ever there was one. Certainly it's hard work and heavy work. But there are very few men's jobs that the women of war-time Britain haven't learnt to tackle! It's because no job has daunted them, however hard or unusual it might be, that Britain today can claim the highest production per head of population of all the allied countries. We at Hoover Ltd. are proud to pay our tribute to the women war-workers of Britain, and say

**Salute! FROM HOOVER**

*Hoover users know best what improvements they would like in the post-war Hoover. Suggestions are welcome.*



BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI AND H.M. QUEEN MARY  
HOOVER LIMITED, PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX



### GET ACQUAINTED

Precision Pins, Eccentric Pins, Springs for motors, typewriters. Screw-drivers, Rag Teeth, Engineers' Scribes are but a few of the multitude of things made by STEAD. What can we make for you? Have you a problem? —then let's get acquainted now—we're bound to in the end.

**Think in 'STEAD'**  
**before you buy**

Tele: Sheffield 22283 (4 lines)

**J. STEAD & CO. LTD. SHEFFIELD 2**

Did you put  
**MARMITE**  
in that  
stew?



Your family will know! Marmite makes the best cooking taste even better. And because Marmite is a concentrated Yeast extract which provides vitamins of the B group, it adds health-giving nourishment. Use Marmite to improve all soups, stews, gravies, pies and rissoles. Marmite makes delicious and sustaining sandwiches too.





All over the world this radiant, healthy child is known as the symbol of perfect babyhood—the baby fed on COW & GATE—Britain's premier Milk Food.

When baby is naturally fed, there is no question, no doubt in the minds of the mother, doctor or nurse that baby is having the food Nature intended. Perfectly balanced, exactly suited for baby's digestion from the hour of birth, vital and pure, these are the assured essentials of natural feeding.

The same assurance is yours when doctor prescribes COW & GATE. Years of research have perfected a food that conforms to this "natural" standard that is every baby's right. Completely balanced in itself, exactly proportioned in vitamins and minerals, germ-free in its purity, COW & GATE is the proper food for your baby.

It is the Royal choice for Royal babies!

© 3413

**COW & GATE** MILK FOOD  
"British Love it!"



The quality of Burgess Sauces, Fish and Meat Pastes & Essence of Anchovies is the standard by which other similar high class foods are judged.

JOHN  
**BURGESS**  
& SON LTD.  
ESTABLISHED 1760



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO THE LATE  
KING GEORGE V

Hythe Rd., Willesden Junction, N.W. 10

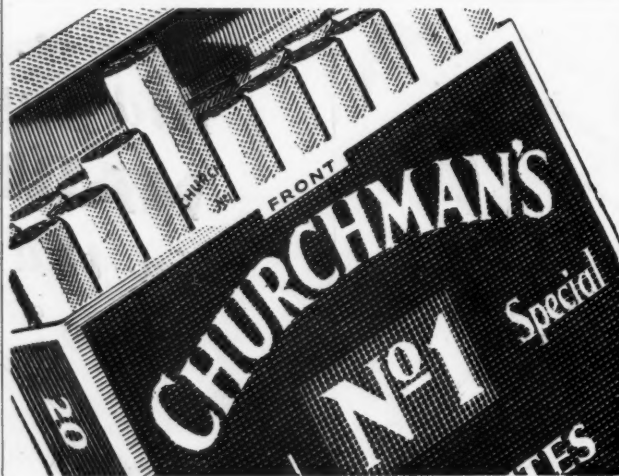
Did you  
give your dog  
a real  
Xmas Box?



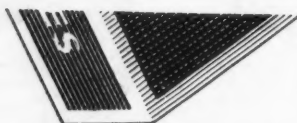
You can't do better than give him something which for many years has been recognised by breeders and vets. as the stuff that makes a dog's life a grand life . . . Chappie Dog Mixture (prepared according to the famous original Tinker formula). So did you put a bottle in his stocking on Xmas morning, and are you seeing that he gets his regular daily dose?



MAKE A DOG'S LIFE — A GRAND LIFE



After duty —  
15 MINUTES' PLEASURE AND  
SATISFACTION WITH A  
**CHURCHMAN'S** No. 1



CHURCHMAN'S No. 1 CIGARETTES, 10 for 1/3, 20 for 2/6  
C.361k

HE 'FORGETS' HIS

## FALSE TEETH



**BUT** . . . never the axiom that care of dentures is as important, hygienically and socially, as care of natural teeth. He knows that all types of dental plates can be cleaned safely and efficiently with KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER. He knows, too, that he can "forget" his false teeth, thanks to the comfort and confidence resulting from the regular use of —

## KOLYNOS

**DENTURE POWDER**

for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3 per tin.

**DENTURE FIXATIVE**

makes false teeth fit firmly. 1/3 & 3/3 From all chemists.



Drink  
**Red Hackle**  
and banish dull care  
SCOTLAND'S BEST WHISKY  
**HEPBURN & ROSS** GLASGOW.

**Tri-ang**  
TOYS  
FOR GIRLS AND BOYS  
**L.B. LTD. London**

USE this  
Medicinal & Toilet  
Soap every day for  
**SKIN HEALTH & BEAUTY**

Cuticura Soap gives your skin a mild but thorough antiseptic cleansing which clears away blemishes and restores radiant youthful loveliness.

**Cuticura**  
SOAP

Now of War-time standard

## NOVIO

will in peace-time return to its former pre-eminence as the most perfect Toilet Paper ever produced



## RHEUMATISM

Rheumatism—however mild your symptoms—exact a merciless toll in pain and expense if not checked in time. Poisons and impurities in your system are usually the cause of rheumatic disorders. To get rid of these poisons, doctors recommend the drinking of mineral spa waters. But a visit to a spa involves time and expense that many people simply cannot afford these days.

'Alkia' Saltrates may be described as a spa treatment *in your own home*. It contains the essential curative qualities of *seven* world-famous springs and has the same beneficial effect on the system at a fraction of the cost and without the inconvenience of travelling to an actual spa. A teaspoonful of 'Alkia' Saltrates in warm water before breakfast each morning soon relieves pain. Taken regularly, this pleasant, effervescent drink *dissolves impurities in the blood-stream* and greatly assists the kidneys to eliminate them from the system, thus helping to prevent recurring attacks of rheumatism.

A bottle of 'Alkia' Saltrates costs 3/9 (inc. Purchase Tax). Get one from your chemist to-day and begin your spa treatment to-morrow morning.

**Stairs Blazing**

**BUT ESCAPE CERTAIN**  
for entire family even from highest floor if Automatic DAVY is fitted. Average cost £20.  
Send 1d. stamp for details.  
JOHN KERR & CO. (M/chr) LTD.  
Northwich, 15, Ches.  
DAVY Automatic FIRE ESCAPE



## Stomach Trouble

Stomach Trouble—usually recognised by persistent or recurring pain, among other symptoms—is something you should see your Doctor about. For Indigestion (or Dyspepsia) which is the kind of stomach upset which even the healthiest people suffer from at times, however, Meggeson Bismuth



Dyspepsia Tablets have much to recommend them. They contain ingredients which speedily relieve pain, neutralising excess acid and restoring stomach balance. Whether your indigestion is in the form of Flatulence, Heartburn, or general Stomach Discomfort, two of these Tablets taken after the meal (you suck them like sweets) will prevent distress. Meggeson Bismuth Dyspepsia Tablets may be obtained from qualified chemists only. Price 1/6 and 3/10, inclusive of Purchase Tax.

MEGGESON — FAMOUS FOR 145 YEARS



## "THE HABIT OF SAVING MUST STILL BE ENCOURAGED"

(Government White Paper on Employment Policy)

SAVE FOR SECURITY THROUGH A PEARL WITH PROFITS ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE POLICY

It would protect your dependants and secure for you at a selected age a chosen amount suited to your needs; for example

• £1,000 to £10,000

The amount could, if desired, be utilised for the provision of a guaranteed income.

You are invited to apply for particulars.

## PEARL

ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED

Chief Offices: High Holborn, London, W.C.1

PNH 70

## RATIN and the RAT MENACE



● The surest and quickest way to obtain relief from the menace of rats and mice is through the Ratin Service.

● The British Ratin Company offers a nation-wide service, based on scientific and well-

tested principles, by surveyors and operators highly skilled in the destruction of rats and mice.

● To guard against re-invasion of premises where infestation has once been brought under control, the Ratin Service includes provision for careful inspection and treatment at regular intervals.

## RATIN SERVICE

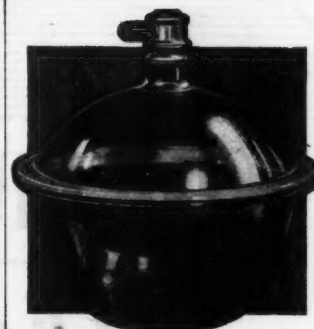
NO PREPARATIONS FOR SALE. SERVICE ONLY.

Write to-day and ask our Surveyor to call and explain how the Ratin Service deals with rats and mice.

THE BRITISH RATIN CO. LTD.

125 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1

Telephone: ABBey 7621



## Here is the latest PYREX Vacuum Desiccator

(No. 60 with acid tray).

A *sine qua non* in the laboratory

THE drying out, under vacuum, of certain important scientific products, has become a matter of national importance. But it has been found that certain types of glass Desiccator have suffered from the weakness of being liable to collapse under conditions of high vacuum.

We have therefore designed and produced (in collaboration with the B.L.W.A.), an entirely new type of Vacuum Desiccator (No. 60, as illustrated), which has many advantages over the older types.

Being spheroid in shape, this new Desiccator will resist atmospheric pressure without risk of collapse, and without danger of damage to contents. Being made of the famous PYREX Brand Glass, with its amazingly low co-efficient of expansion (.0000032), it is not subject to breakage through extremes of heat and cold; while because of this latter well-known feature, we have been able to make the Desiccator much heavier and more robust in structure than is advisable with ordinary glass.

The acid container is of the non-spill type, while the stop-cock is designed so as to turn easily under conditions of high vacuum.

This new Desiccator is just one of the hundreds of PYREX Brand laboratory specialities. As an aid to national health and hygiene, it is a *sine qua non* in the laboratory, an indispensable essential to modern scientific processes.

Ask for PYREX Brand and see that you get it!

## PYREX Brand Scientific Glassware

is made by

James A. Jobling & Company Ltd.  
Wear Glass Works,  
SUNDERLAND.



# OPTREX

*the*  
**eye lotion**

Whether you wear glasses or not, you should have your eyes examined at regular intervals by a Qualified Practitioner.

*Optrex Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex*



*Grenville— a sturdy*  
**VIROL** boy

VIROL LIMITED LONDON, W.5

Preparing  
to be a  
Beautiful  
Lady



Daddy calls Margaret "The girl with the laughing eyes." They twinkle with gaiety even when her face is in repose. Margaret's eyes say that she is happy; her clear radiant complexion says that she is well cared for. Mother makes sure that Margaret washes with Pears Soap and clear water—the secret of Preparing to be a Beautiful Lady.

## PEARS SOAP

*We regret that Pears Transparent Soap is in short supply just now.*

A. & F. Pears Ltd.

GO 373/96

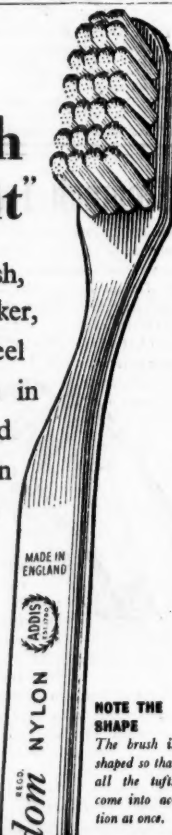
## The toothbrush that "Jumps to it"

THIS is a Wisdom Toothbrush, the brush that gives a brisker, certain clean. Your teeth feel fresher and there's a sparkle in your mouth. The anchored Nylon tufts "jump to it," even after months of wear. No wonder Wisdoms are in such demand.

**Wisdom**  
**TOOTHBRUSH**

OUTLASTS  
THREE  
ORDINARY  
BRISTLE  
BRUSHES

MADE BY ADDIS LIMITED, MAKERS OF THE  
FIRST TOOTHBRUSH IN 1780



**NOTE THE  
SHAPE**

*The brush is shaped so that all the tufts come into action at once.*



# PUNCH

Or

The London Charivari



Vol. CCVII No. 5423

December 27 1944

## Charivaria

Now that Christmas is over, those plucky parents who bought their children toy prams will have to start saving all over again for houses.

"Westminster still has a pleasant nineteenth-century air," says a weekly paper. Some of the White Papers, too, have taken on a mellow tinge.

"Lungfuls of fresh air do more to remove 'cobwebs' than a dozen bottles of medicine."—*Health article.*  
Be your own vacuum-cleaner!

Recent experiments suggest that thought-power can influence the fall of dice. People who cannot make up their minds without consulting the cards are therefore in a vicious circle.



Hitler is reported to be convalescing. His friends have helped him recover from the excellent health they previously said he was in.

The Ministry of Information is squabbling with the British Council. The latter has been suppressing stories for which the former claims exclusive burial rights.

"Forecasting the weather is far from being an exact science," says a review. A strong body of opinion, however, supports our present system of speeded-up delayed inclemency reports.

The W.V.S. will not "stand down" immediately after the War. Naturally some opposition was to be expected there.



"Most public services run miraculously," says an article. Taxis especially behave as if human beings never existed.

"Flags will be hoisted all over London the day peace is declared," says a writer. Incredulity is expressed by members of the taxi-using public.

German soldiers now have official permission to shoot their officers if orders are given to retreat. Presumably if orders are *not* given to retreat they will continue to use their own judgment.

Secondhand rocking-horses were reported to be popular Christmas gifts for children. So much for the rumour that British nurseries are now completely mechanized.

Basic English is said to be making great progress in Zanzibar schools. When it returns home we shall hardly recognize it.

"Science Will Devour Us," says a headline. What for? Does it want all its silly vitamins back?

A Manchester man on leave from Italy says that the weather has been very wet there too.



"The number of thefts of locks especially—locks of shops—in Dessuk, Lower Egypt, has increased considerably during the past few days.

The police believe that a gang specialising in lock thefts are responsible."

*Egyptian paper.*

Well, it's an idea.

"Beware of the man with the artificial smile," says a psychologist. This is a little hard. It may be the only one he had.



## The Dickens of a Time

SCROOGE pressed his face eagerly against the window-pane. There was only one very little piece of window-pane against which he could press his face, but you may be sure that he pressed it very hard and that his mouth watered at the rare good things he saw inside. There were plums as big as melons, and oranges as big as footballs, and dates and figs enough to stock an Arabian caravan, and fruits preserved in crystals of sugar, like the rime on a frosty morning, and bottles of brandy and wine made of black currants that winked at him saucily, and in the middle of them all a placard with a notice in big letters which said:

### PLEASE KNOCK AT THE SIDE DOOR

But behind them all, he could see an evil face grinning at him, a face so repulsive that he only gave one look at it before he turned away.

And when he went on to the next shop, which was a poulterers', he saw a turkey as big as an ostrich.

Oh! you never beheld a turkey as big as that one! It could never have walked on two legs, that turkey, it must have been mounted on scaffolding poles that ought to have been used for the repair of bombed houses. But behind the turkey was another evil face grinning, almost more repulsive, if that was possible, than the first face.

"Come along," said the Dark Ghost of Christmas Present. "You're merely wasting my time."

"What have I been seeing, Spirit," said Scrooge, as the Spectral Hand pointed him onwards.

"Thou hast been seeing the Black Market," said the Spirit, "and there are men all over this town who have been tempted by it to destroy their country and to impede the War Effort of the Allied Nations. Wouldst thou see more?"

"Just a peep," said Scrooge, and in a moment he was standing in a brightly lit room listening to the jolly laughter of his nephew Fred, and the still jollier laughter of Fred's wife, his niece by marriage.

Oh, what fun and games they were having in that brightly lit room, partly dimmed-out from the street, and how often amid the roars of revelry the hot steaming bowl of gin and lemons went round the party. There must have been twenty of them at least in that night-club, and every now and then one of them would hold out a glass and drink a toast.

"Here's to poor old Scro-o-o-ge!" they would cry. "What a pleasant evening he must be having to-night!"

He could not repress a shudder as he looked at them.

"Take me away, Spirit," he said. "Take me away. I can bear no more."

Again the Ghost sped on, through the dismal streets, until they reached the melancholy tavern where Scrooge was wont to eat his melancholy dinner, and where the melancholy waiter had given him the melancholy bill of fare.

"Is there anything on?" said Scrooge in a melancholy voice, for he saw that nearly everything on the list had been scored out with a deep black pencil-mark.

"Cold pressed beef," said the melancholy waiter, "and cold boiled potatoes."

"Splendid," cried Scrooge, rubbing his hands. "And bring me a luke-warm bishop of rum punch to wash it down."

"Come orf it," said the melancholy waiter. "Don't try

to be funny with me," and he went and fetched a small tankard of a melancholy fluid which was doing its humble best to pretend to be beer.

"Hurry up!" said the Ghost of Christmas Present. "There is much to be done before I have finished with you."

And suddenly Scrooge found himself back in his chamber in the gloomy suite of rooms, in the lowering pile of buildings up the yard, where long ago he had sat drinking port with old Marley and discussing what gifts they would give the needy and oppressed and the sick and poor on Boxing Day.

Most of the windows were broken and pieces of cloth flapped in them and part of the ceiling had fallen down, and there was only one piece of coal on the fire, which was unlit, because merry Bob Cratchit had taken the week off to go down to Brighton with his merry family.

Scrooge tried to light the fire with his petrol lighter, but it would not work, so he gave up the attempt and sat down at his desk.

"Get out your ledger and your pass-book and your accounts," said the Ghost of Christmas Present, "and when you have been through them I shall leave you, but you must expect another visitor."

The slow hours passed, the clock struck twelve, and then one, and at the strike of two the Spirit vanished. Scrooge sat dismally waiting as the shadows thickened around him, until he heard a step on the creaking stairs, and then a loud knock on the door.

A new Spectre came in, and oh! he was the strangest apparition that could possibly be imagined, for he had a beautiful shining face, and held an olive branch in his hand, and his clothes were made entirely of the flags of the United Nations, all woven together with stars and stripes, and crowns and hammers, and crosses and sickles in red and white and blue, and round his waist was a lustrous belt composed of miniature ornaments and ships, from which shone bright jets of light that illuminated the murky room.

"Who art thou, Spectre?" said Scrooge in a quavering voice, "and what wantest thou with me?"

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come," said the Phantom. "How much have you saved this year by scrimping and paring, and going ragged and hungry, and cutting down expenses, and spending nothing, except on worthy objects, and presents and tips and allowances, and devoting all your time to working and sitting on committees, instead of carousing in taverns and making merry on Christmas fare?"

Scrooge looked at his accounts and told him.

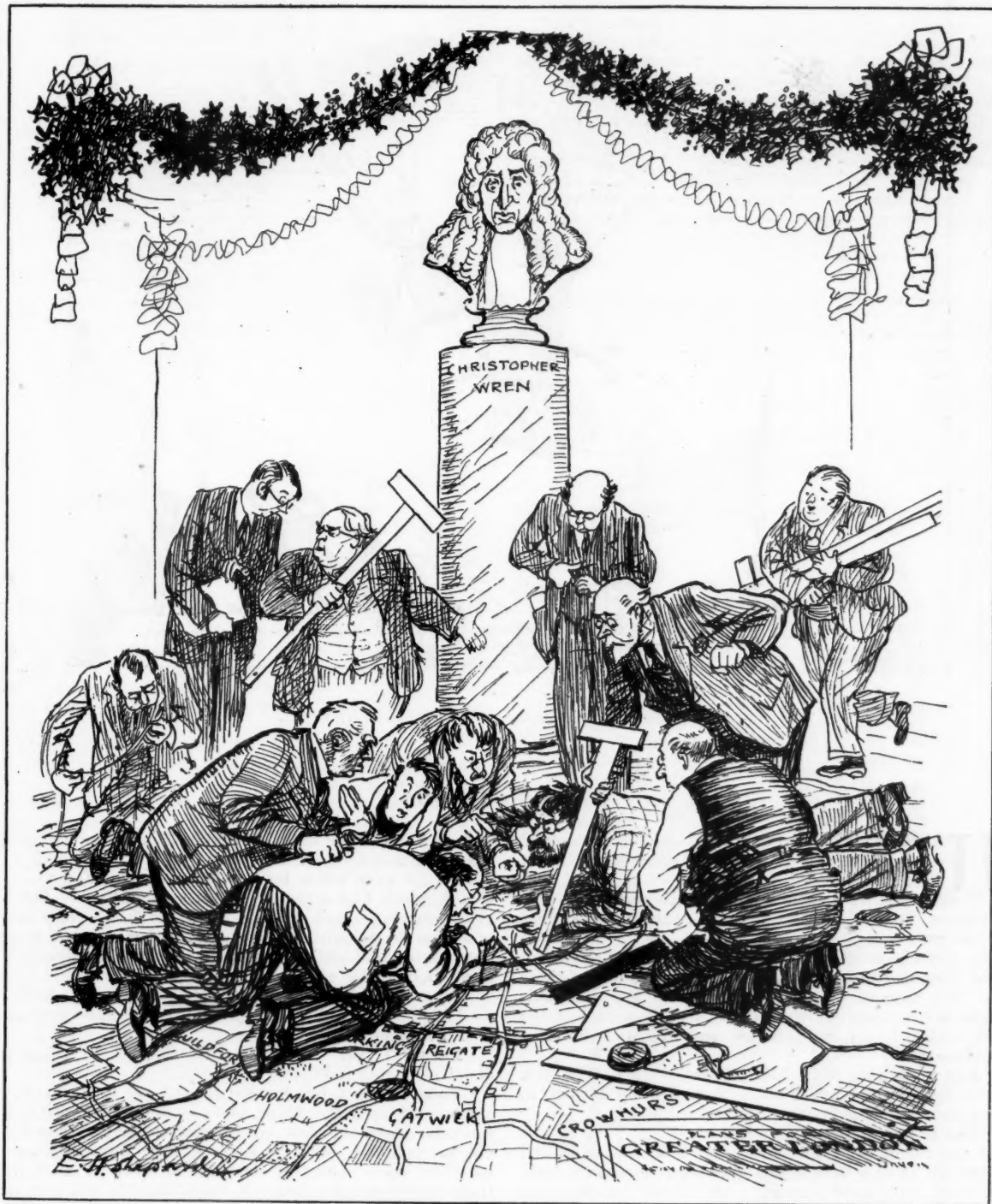
"Man of patriotism and good-will," said the Ghost, "I have come to give thee this."

And he left a small piece of paper on old Scrooge's desk, and vanished as swiftly as he had appeared.

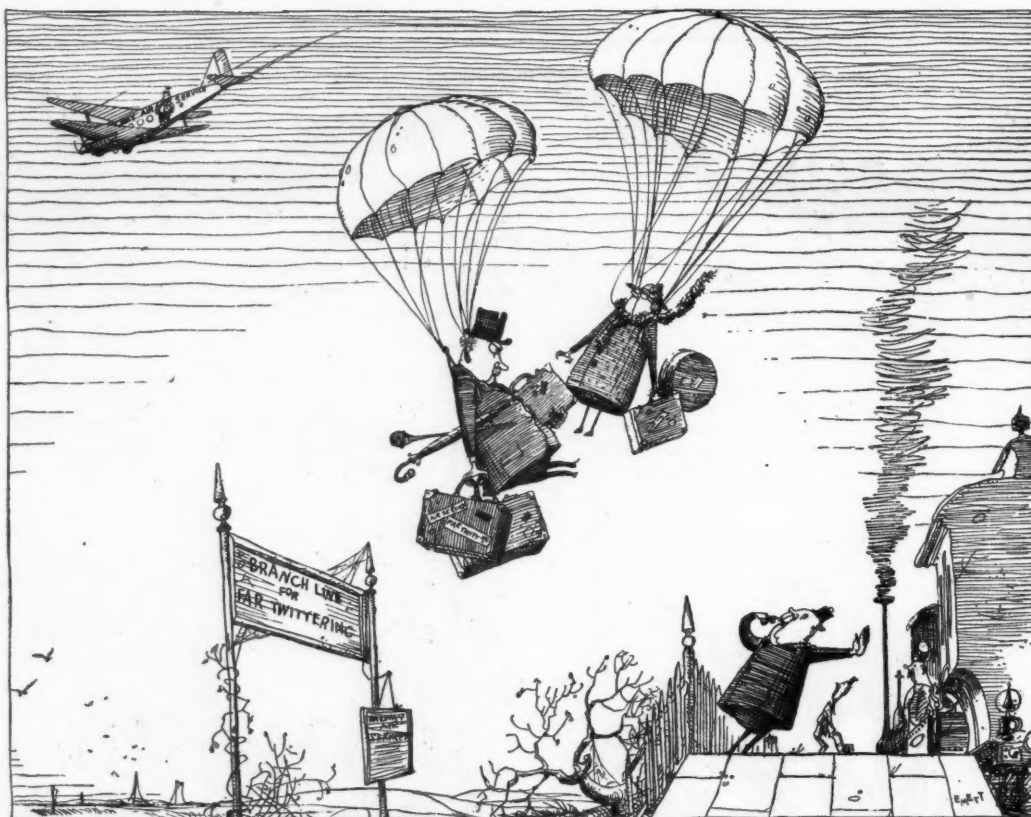
Scrooge looked at the piece of paper. It was a Post-War Credit for several pounds. He fainted away for sheer joy, and remembered nothing until he woke up at the postman's knock in the morning, and a stream of bills, circulars, appeals and letters from the Commissioners of Inland Revenue tumbled happily helter-skelter, pell-mell, into the room.

EVOE.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



NEW YEAR IRRESOLUTIONS



"... might have TOLD us we should have to change ..."

### Mumbo-Jumbo

"H AVE you," I asked, "a book suitable for a child of from four to six years? Preferably not about elephants."

"Would it be for a little boy or a little girl?"

"Either," I said. "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

The girl who was helping me (as they say) said she didn't think they had that title in stock. She was one of those girls with hair that goes shooting up to a considerable height in front and pours down in a sort of cascade at the back. This, to my mind, makes any woman look like a sea-horse.

"Just some book for a child," I said, adding "You look like a sea-horse." But I added it under my breath in order not to appear rude.

"This is very popular," she said.

It was about elephants, and I put it down hastily and picked up another which was also about elephants, only this time they were wearing pink knitted jumpers and shorts instead of printed cotton dresses.

"Come, come," I said, not unkindly. "There must be other books. Not all children are elephant-minded. Are there no cats and dogs? Or horses or rabbits of a likeable kind such as I remember from my own nursery days? Or

a story about some little old gnome living all alone in a wood might do. Anything."

The girl gave me a book called *Henrietta and Co.* (I think), which had a plain cover and no pictures. But a glance inside showed me that Henrietta had a very odd nose, and she was ever so clever at using her very odd nose, not just to smell with like you and me and the Little Boy Next Door. She could pick up apples and cricket-bats and even the big humpty-tumpty that Mummy Jumbo used to sit on by the fire, and she could squirt water through it and she could—

"I say," I said, "do you realize this beastly thing is about elephants too?"

"There's been a big demand for it," she told me.

I said "There's something radically wrong here. There's a regular plague of these confounded creatures. I'm not out to spoil the children's fun. If they want elephants let them have them—in moderation. But at least let them have something remotely resembling the real animal. Look," I said, stabbing an indignant finger at a book called *Gippo's Birthday Party*, "what do you call that, eh? What is it?"

"It's Mrs. Gippo," said the girl faintly. "It's a lady elephant."



*Punch Comforts Fund,  
10, Bouverie Street,  
London, E.C.4.*

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read your plea for Comforts for the men at sea. Such interest in the boys in blue reflects much credit upon you. I have no heavy underpants or such-like to supply their wants. No sea-boot stockings do I own, My "woollen goods" are all outgrown. I send no scarf—I cannot knit, But something else I do, to wit: write cheques. 'Twas your alternative if I had nothing else to give. And your request in kindly verse would loosen strings of any purse.

You also say "And may we plead That he gives twice who gives with speed?" So here's one giving in a hurry By Air Mail,

Truly yours,  
WILL CURRIE.

*Santiago de Chile.*

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940*

"Elephants," I said, "are ugly creatures with thick wrinkled skins. Their feet are large. They have small pig-like eyes and are noted for their strength and powers of endurance. They do not mince along in pink knickers carrying shopping-baskets. The colour of the animal is grey, rather than purple, and it eats hay. This creature here—"

"Are you being attended to?"

"No," I said to this intruder, a black-browed tallish woman. "I am attending to this young woman. This creature here, with its smooth skin, idiotic sun-hat and toe-less feet, is about as much like an elephant as a top-hat is like a—well a—"

"Bowler," put in a small man, with a dog, who seemed to be listening to our conversation.

"No, sir," I said, for I do not care to be prompted any more than the next man. "Not a bowler. A bowler is a great deal more like a top-hat than an elephant is—"

"That," he said, "is a proposition few would care to deny."

"—is like a creature in an idiotic sun-hat," I finished angrily.

The small man looked puzzled.

"Well," he began.

"Well, what?"

"Well, what does it prove? I mean is anybody maintaining that an elephant is like something in an idiotic straw hat. Because if so—"

I handed him a copy of *Gippo's Birthday Party*, in silence.

"Why, what an extraordinary thing!" he cried. "Here is an elephant in an idiotic straw hat. So your whole case falls to the ground. Dear me! *Gippo's Birthday Party*, to be sure. I wonder if my—?"

"There!" said the sea-horse, as the small man and his dog trotted away to the cash-desk. "It's the last copy, too."

"If you were wanting a kiddies' book," said the dark tallish lady who, as I suppose, was a sort of headmistress of the place, "I can recommend *Tuppy Goes Fishing*. It's very popular."

She brought me a copy and I gazed with abhorrence at the purple pachyderm on the cover, the striped cotton trousers, the utterly bogus feet. Mrs. Tabitha Twitchett, I thought sadly, never had bogus feet. She may have been a bit dressy for a cat, but she was clearly a cat underneath. And ditto Peter Rabbit. But nobody, without a wide experience of children's books, would have guessed that Tuppy was an elephant.

I pointed this out to the headmistress, who pointed out in return that Tuppy was a hippopotamus. So I bought him.

H. F. E.

"Another column of Marshal Tolbukhin's army, in spite of mud-logged roads, anti-tank ditches and wrecked bridges has advanced to within 91 miles of the Australia border."—*Middle East paper*.

Then they certainly are in the middle of some anti-tank ditch.

"Dancing with grace and humour, dancing plus economics and half-a-dozen other delightful attributes, marked the display given by the pupils of the 'School of Dancing, —, in the Theatre Royal last evening."—*Devon paper*.

Can't keep economics out of anything these days.



"Keep your eye on that niche up there. That saint in it has got a Tommy-gun."





*"By the way, did you get anything worth having in your stocking this Christmas?"*

black coats and striped trousers; and the Royal Army Pay Corps into blue serge suits and bowler-hats, care being taken to evolve a design different from that worn by senior officers who have "taken felt." Field Security units will of course be dressed in cloaks and daggers.

A difficulty arises with A.M.G.O.T. They combine the functions of magistrates, employment agents, caterers, interpreters, haulage contractors, and general angels of mercy; but a uniform appropriate to all that is hard to imagine. A judicial wig, a napkin over the arm, a pencil behind the ear, motoring gauntlets and a pair of wings all seem to be indicated.

Should any prosaically-minded people protest that this is merely fiddling—as it were—while Cologne burns, it need only be pointed out that the sole action necessary at this stage is the publication of the appropriate Army Council Instruction. The clothes themselves (like the collars and ties for the other ranks) will continue to be "not available" until long after most of us have gone back to lounge suits and soft hats, which we shall have the privilege of buying for ourselves.

### *Is They?*

**T**O-day, when out to take  
My morning stroll and "slake  
My thirst in amber draft,"  
Scribed roughly on a wall  
I saw this casual scrawl,  
*Parsnips is daft.*

This is to me a new  
And startling point of view;  
The parsnip, as a fact,  
Impresses one as dull,  
Emotionally null  
And nowise cracked.

Yet plainly here we find  
One of decided mind,  
A man, one may suppose,  
Skilled in the gardener's craft,  
And if he calls them daft  
No doubt he knows.

It may be—none can say—  
Lugged from its natural clay  
Some inner passion flies,

Some hidden fires take wing,  
A secret wantoning  
Grows numbed and dies.

But in the private night  
When the high moon's brave light  
Quickens their native soil,  
When no rude fork is there  
To hoick them to the air  
To stew or boil:

Then, when all quiet things sleep,  
What maddened parsnips leap  
Up from the shaken earth,  
How jocund is the spree,  
What vegetable glee,  
What parsnip mirth.

Strange. Yet his tale runs pat.  
He briefly states in that  
Dogmatic way of his,  
*Parsnips is daft*, and though  
We may not wholly know,  
Perhaps they is. DUM-DUM.



## And No Birds Sang.

THE young flight-lieutenant sitting by himself on the mail-bags in a corner of the hangar was cold and dirty. So was I. The faithful Dakota which, but for the habitual opaqueness of the Northern European atmosphere, would already have ferried us back to England, was a blur in the mist covering the airfield. The young man was fiddling in an exasperated way with some small object. Seldom had I felt more stoutly of the Boat-and-Train school of thought, and I went across to him and said so.

"With a short journey like this," I said, "it would be nice to know to within, say, a couple of days when one was going to arrive."

"Boat-and-Train?" he snapped. "Bicycle-and-Canoe is good enough to beat winter flying in Europe. If airline companies want to avoid bankruptcy after the war they'll put half their capital into the waiting-room."

He had on his upper lip a yellow growth which the Barbers' Guild would certainly have had to pass to the Royal Horticultural Society for expert classification. It was weighed down with icicles.

"Can I help?" I asked.

"Not unless you're clairvoyant," he replied. "What you are face to face with is one of those stark little tragedies of perversity to which the human race is particularly subject, tragedies which are none the less poignant for their horrible simplicity."

"Tell me," I said.

"In this bag of mine is a bottle of brandy."

"Ah," I said, and I confess I was cheered by this information, for the young man's face was set in generous lines.

"It's a Fine of 1880-something, and when I assure you it is first-rate brandy you may take it I am not overstating the case. The bottle is full to within two inches of the neck."

"Good," I said, and I meant it. Peering into freezing fog hour after hour has one advantage, any doubts about what you want out of life disappear. "I hope you haven't passed this gen to those types over there?" and I pointed to a dismal study in still-life at the other side of the hangar.

"Certainly not," he answered. "Now this brandy would be at our disposal but for one small obstacle. I also bought a combination lock yesterday for my bag and for the life of me I can't remember to what combination I set it."

"You do not feel like performing a small operation on the bag?" I asked.

"I could provide a suitable scalpel."

"I do not. The bag was given me by a girl called Clara, whose eyes are like neon-lights."

It seemed to me a silly thing to say, but not knowing Clara I didn't tell him so. Instead I said:

"You must surely have written this combination down somewhere?"

"I remember writing it on a tablecloth very late last night."

"Well, we have only to find the tablecloth," I said triumphantly.

"The tablecloth is about two hundred kilometres from here, somewhere in the hinterland, in a café called the 'Bon Repos.' But it may equally have been called the 'Trois Faisans' or the 'Gentille Alouette.' You can forget it, anyway."

"You honestly haven't a clue?"

"I was in no condition to have a clue, old boy."

"How does this monstrous device work?"

"There are three letters followed by four numbers."

I lit my pipe and took a turn through the hangar. I was not cheered to note that the Dakota was no longer visible at all.

"I have it!" I cried. "What is Clara's telephone number?"

"MOY 2255. I've tried that. The brandy is still in the bag."

"I naturally hesitate to press you on what is obviously a delicate subject, but is this Clara what you might call the sole cardiac focus?"

"Absolutely, old boy. You ought to see her."

"Has she a car?"

"CAD 4242. No go."

I thought for a bit while he did a bit of fog-peering on his own.

"Do the milestones in our rude island story mean much to you?" I asked...

"I've tried BOH 1066, if that's what you mean."

"Well, try SAP 1588," I suggested.

"Why SAP?"

"Spanish Armada Pranged, of course."

"The staff of life is still in the bag."

"Try BOT 1805 and BOW 1815."

"My foot, twice."

"Well, then, CLR 1846."

"CLR?"

"Corn Laws Repealed," I hissed.

"Where were you dragged up?"

"Carshalton. But I've tried mother's phone number."

"What's your name?"

"Windlesham."

"Age?"

"Twenty-eight."

"Right. It's WIN 1916."

"It isn't, old boy."

"Oh, hell!" I cried. "We've had it."

We shut our eyes and there was a long silence. I suddenly felt very hungry.

"Have a good dinner at the 'Bon Repos,' if it wasn't the 'Gentille Alouette'?" I asked.

"Wizard. Real pâté and a duck. Marché noir as the driven snow, of course. And a Camembert."

"What did you float it in? Chateau-neuf?"

"Burgundy. Rather good burgundy."

"How good?" I demanded greedily. Starved and parched, I felt.

"Really good. Chambertin '29. As a matter of fact it wasn't quite as velvety as—"

I sprang to my feet with a loud cry.

"Don't waste time burbling!" I shouted. "I only wish we had two glasses."

The flight-lieutenant's face froze as if he had been hit with a sledgehammer.

"CHA 1929!" he whispered. "CHA 1929! Bang on!"

I watched his blue fingers fumble again with the lock. I watched it slide easily apart. I watched him dip into the bag. I watched his intelligent features register eager anticipation, then astonishment, then leaden grief.

"We've had it after all! That dark brute at the 'Bon Repos' must have palmed the bottle."

"It couldn't be sort of lurking anywhere—under your spare bodice, for instance?" I asked, miserably.

"Fine of 1880-something cannot lurk."

At that moment the Tannoy blared the surprising news that the front was passing on the other side and we would take off in ten minutes. The mist had mysteriously cleared, leaving our Dakota faithfully waiting, as Dakotas faithfully do.

"I suppose we'd better fly to England," I said.

"I suppose so," said Windlesham, heavily.

ERIC.

"Here is Chopin's 'Invitation to the Waltz.'—Wireless announcer.

As generally accepted by Weber.

## Not So Silly

A Child's Guide to Parliament—II

WELL, Rich-ard and Iv-y, as I was say-ing, near-ly ev-er-y-thing a-bout Par-li-a-ment is thought to be ver-y sill-y by the peop-le (who are fight-ing for it). The Mem-bers are sill-y, and the things they do, and ev-en the place in which they do it is sill-y al-so. Which is prett-y bi-zarre.

Now, Iv-y—stop chew-ing, Rich-ard—there are two Hous-es of Par-li-a-ment—and some clev-er peop-le think that ev-en that is sill-y, for they say that one would be en-ough. But these peop-le are sill-ies them-selves. Well, both the Hous-es, the House of Lords and the House of Comm-ons, meet in The Roy-al Pal-ace of West-min-ster, which is ver-y hand-y for the Un-der-ground and the Riv-er. That, they say, was the i-de-a of the great Duke of Well-ing-ton, who said that if Par-li-a-ment met in Hyde Park it might eas-i-ly be surr-ound-ed by an an-gry mob, but with the Riv-er at their backs the Mem-bers would al-ways have a stra-teg-ic re-treat. That re-mains to be seen. Much will de-pend on the num-ber and speed of the vess-els a-vail-a-ble to the flee-ing leg-is-lat-ors.

The Pal-ace, al-though it looks as if it had been built by the Goths, is on-ly a hun-dred years old. Ev-er-y year, you re-mem-ber, on No-vem-ber the fifth, there is great re-joic-ing in the Lond-on streets, with fire-works and bon-fires. Rock-ets are sent up, and col-lect-ions of mon-ey are made, in mem-or-y of a man call-ed Guy Fawkes, who att-emp-ted, with-out suc-cess, to blow up the Brit-ish Par-li-a-ment. (Ev-er-y man in Am-er-i-ca, by the way, is call-ed a guy in his hon-our.) But the odd thing is this. In 1834 the whole place (ex-cept for West-min-ster Hall and the Clois-ters) was suc-cess-fully burn-ed down by a Brit-ish work-man. But not on-ly are there no cel-e-brat-ions on the ann-i-vers-ar-y of that ex-ploit, we do not ev-en know his name; and, so far as I know, no Am-er-i-cans have been nam-ed af-ter him. Why did he burn the place? Well, he was de-stroy-ing old tax-tall-ies, or Ex-cheq-uer re-ceipts, in the Vict-or-i-a Tow-er, and carr-i-ed a-way by his prop-er en-thu-si-asm, he ov-er-did it. It was per-haps the most spir-it-ed pro-test a-gainst tax-a-tion in our hist-or-y; though some peop-le think that he went too far.

Well, that was in 1834. Af-ter a lot

of arg-u-ment it was de-cid-ed to have a place for Par-li-a-ment a-gain and Sir Charles Barr-y e-rect-ed the pres-ent ed-if-ice in 1842. You will find his stat-ue hidd-en a-way at the bott-om of the Comm-itt-ee stairs. The Pal-ace smells like a church and has a great man-y stairs, stone floors, and swing doors. The poor Mem-bers spend man-y man-hours po-lite-ly hold-ing op-en the swing doors for each oth-er, or dash-ing them dan-ger-ous-ly in each oth-ers' fac-es; and they march for miles each day ab-out the stone floors, which grad-u-al-ly wears them out. It is not by an-y means the sed-ent-ar-y occu-pat-ion it is made out to be, and the mort-al-it-y is ver-y high. Pers-on-al-ly, I think the best thing in the whole build-ing is the wood-carv-ings of fish and game and fruit in the Mem-bers' Din-ing-room which I will show you one day. Dear litt-le bunn-ies and pheas-ants and salm-on—you would al-most say that the fur and feath-ers—and fins—were re-al.

On May 10th, 1941, the Germ-ans burn-ed down the Cham-ber of the House of Comm-ons. On the same night they dropp-ed some sort of a bomb through the roof of the Cham-ber of the House of Lords, but it did not go off: so, you see, they near-ly got a right and left. Nev-er-the-less, I sup-pose that, till the end of time, we shall go on cel-e-brat-ing the pun-y eff-orts of Mr. G. Fawkes.

By the way, you may have not-iced Big Ben, which is at the north end of the Pal-ace. Yes, the north end, Rich-ard. Man-y peop-le think that the Thames at that point runs east and west: in fact they would bet a-bout it. But they are wrong. Big Ben, Rich-ard, is not, as man-y peop-le think, the name of the Tower (that is the Clock Tower), or the clock; it is the name of the big bell weigh-ing thir-teen and a half tons. But why the bell is call-ed that I can-not tell you, for it was cast by the first Lord Grim-thorpe, whose name was Ed-ward. A Sir Ben-jam-in Some-bod-y comes in some-where, but I for-get where. Far-ther down the Riv-er is the Shell Mex Build-ing which is the pal-ace of Oil. That has a big clock too; and the funn-y men call it Big Ben-zine.

Twice, at least, one of the fac-es of Big Ben has been pitt-ed by frag-ments of an en-e-my pro-ject-ile. So you see to what depths of in-fam-y the Germ-ans will desc-end. Or per-haps it was the I-tal-i-ans.

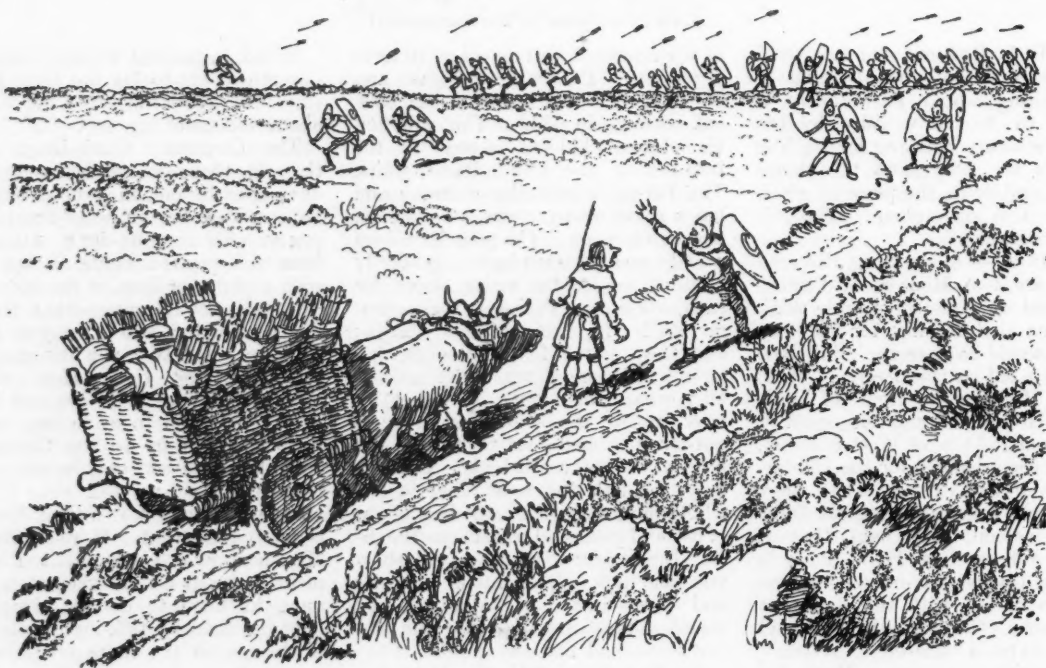
I had in-tend-ed to deal with the Con-stit-ut-ion to-day but there is not time now. So let me say a litt-le more about the build-ing.

The Commons' Cloak-Room is in the old Cloist-ers, which were also dam-ag-ed by our un-scrup-ul-ous foe. Ev-er-y Mem-ber (in peace-time) has a peg with his name un-der it. Hang-ing from each peg is a length of pink tape with a bight, or loop, at the end of it. You will nev-er guess what that is for, Rich-ard. I will give you three guess-es. Yes, Iv-y, you have guess-ed right the first time. How clev-er girls are. Those loops are put there in case we wish to leave our swords be-fore we go up to the Cham-ber. Now that is the sort of thing that some peop-le call sill-y. But your Unc-le Hadd-ock thinks it is rath-er fun. It is more than that. It re-minds the Mem-bers ev-er-y day that Par-li-a-ment began at a time when men were more in-clined to de-cide things by fight-ing than by talk-ing; so that its birth was all the more cred-it-ab-le. Some of the low-er na-tions whose cit-i-zens still fight each oth-er a good bit might look up-on these loops with prof-it.

Then, when I show you ov-er the Cham-ber, you will see a nar-row rug or mat which lies be-fore the front bench-es on eith-er side. A Mem-ber speak-ing from those bench-es must not put so much as the toe of his boot ov-er the out-er edge of that mat. If he does there will be cries of "Ord-er! Ord-er!" which is ver-y dis-con-cert-ing, some-times, be-cause the poor Mem-ber does not know who has done what. For all he knows some-one else has off-end-ed, or he has said the wrong thing, or his upp-er dent-ure has fall-en out. The point of this Rule is that no man while speak-ing must be with-in sword's length of the fell-ow on the oth-er side of the gang-way. That, a-gain, may sound sill-y, Rich-ard, for we do not oft-en take our swords in-to the Cham-ber. But it is not so sill-y as it sounds. For ev-en in that se-date ass-em-bly rough pass-ions do ar-ise, and, if we were all-ow-ed to roam a-bout while speak-ing who knows but some rude int-er-rupt-er might get a clip on the jaw. In-deed, I have seen it done.

In war-time, by the way, we have no names un-der our pegs. This is to show that Mem-bers can be as tough as an-y-one, and in the comm-on cause we do not care who takes whose hat.

A. P. H.



*"Good! you're just in time to turn the tide of battle!"*

#### MDCCCCXLIV

*(From "Annus Mirabilis")*

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>22. With puissant arms, accoutr'd for the fight,<br/>To secret ports the men and ships repair;<br/>And arm'd with thunder, in avenging flight,<br/>The winged squadrons take the yielding air.</p> <p>23. Urg'd by foreknowledge of impending Fate<br/>Unresting Rumour roams the busy land;<br/>Impatient now, th' expectant soldiers wait<br/>Their mighty General's august command.</p> <p>24. At last, great MARLBOROUGH's scion gives the<br/>word<br/>Which marks the fateful enterprize begun;<br/>Through magick engine is the message heard:<br/>From lip to lip the living accents run.</p> <p>25. The docks, by MULBERRY's art prefabricate,<br/>Receive through leaden hail the ships' advance:<br/>Undaunted, they disembark their warlike freight,<br/>And tedious battle frights the coast of France.</p> <p>26. But on a sudden, lo! the foeman yields,<br/>And humbl'd France regains her ancient pride;</p> | <p>The flag of Freedom waves o'er Belgium's fields,<br/>And swift through Holland pours the rolling tide.</p> <p>27. Re-martiall'd then in stern resisting line,<br/>The fiery hosts their onward rush delay,<br/>But still unsleeping by the watchful Rhine<br/>The Lion, crouching, waits his final prey.</p> <p>28. Meantime with hideous roar and tail of fire<br/>From deadly ramp the swift avenger flies;<br/>O'er London Town and many a southern shire<br/>Unquiet Death parades the summer skies.</p> <p>29. Through peaceful streets sad Ruin stalks again;<br/>In anxious Care the days and nights revolve—<br/>Yet Peril strikes a People's heart in vain,<br/>Nor flying Terror breaks their stern resolve.</p> <p>30. But see, from lonely plough and busy mart<br/>The civil soldiers to dismissal come,<br/>Whom regal GEORGE commends for noble part,<br/>And crown'd with Honour sends in Triumph<br/>home . . .</p> |
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### EARNING HIS KEEP

"If a German can work on my land, why can't he repair my bombed house?"

## At the Play

### "PETER PAN" (STOLL)

"THE cleverness of me!" cries *Peter* in an early strain of strutting chancleer. His creator—the Mr. JAMES BARRIE of the year 1904—might well have uttered a triumphant crow when the last line of *Peter Pan* was written. The play, he saw, moved with the ordered irresponsibility of the best make-believe. Nothing from the nursery shelf was missing. There were braves and buccaneers and adventuring children, a streak of sentiment and an heroic flourish, noonday comedy and midnight moonshine, and high above all the figure of *Peter Pan* himself, boy eternal, BARRIE's new Ariel of the nursery.

That was forty years ago. The fantasy, now in honoured middle age, is far from petering out. It does not condescend to the children or lose itself in a smother of gauze and tinsel. Approaching the playroom as a cheerful ambassador, BARRIE proposes an hour or two with the *Darlings* and a friend of theirs who might be worth meeting. Once the game's afoot none can keep it going more inventively. A passage now and then may edge into mawkishness, but the Never-Never Land and its people are as shiningly right as they were in 1904. Pirates, redskins, wolves—the best of company! No place here for what Kipling's *Puck*, a strong individualist, called a "painty-winged, wand-waving, sugar- and - shake- your - head set of imposters." (*Peter*, undoubtedly, would have joined *Sir Huon* on that flight to Hy-Brasil.)

At the Stoll an eight-year-old critic announced to the theatre at large that he remembered it all from last Christmas, and it was jolly good and well worth seeing again. The only thing he found hard to credit, as a veteran playgoer, was the success of *Hook's* trick with the tom-toms. The Lost Boys (we gathered) should have had an answer for it. Still—with much respect—it was lucky that *Hook's* plan went through. Otherwise we might have missed the rough-and-tumble

(hornpipe thrown in) on board the Pirate Ship, with *Captain James Hook* of Eton and Balliol at his most robustious, *Smee*—the Nonconformist pirate—at his sewing-machine, the Lost Boys in chains and slavery, and *Peter* on a one-man commando raid. It is here that Miss FRANCES DAY, an actress whom few would have imagined in these surroundings, is at her most confident. She is not a complete *Peter*. The wistfulness and far-away quality—once so memorably suggested by Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson—quite elude her: we are uneasily

Land's equivalent. Mr. WALTER FITZGERALD, like *King Gama*, boasts an irritating chuckle and a celebrated sneer and he has a nice line in gloating. (Hear him proclaim "This is me Hour of Triumph.") Trembling we listen while the fourpence-coloured, oily-curved scoundrel, one of the last enchantments of the Restoration, reflects on the possibilities of a R-rich, Damp Cake, pours *Peter* a dram of poison, raps out "Sdeath and oddsfish!" or "Scissors and paste!", meditates on the pleasures of plank and cat, and shudders as the faithful

crocodile clocks-in. *Hook* should have swung at Execution Dock; his end is painfully ignominious.

As usual, the Captain has his Christmas hook-up with *Mr. Darling*, notorious kennelman and warning to parents: here, too, Mr. FITZGERALD enjoys himself briskly. The year's *Wendy* is also a prize. Overplayed, this young woman can embarrass, but Miss ANGELA WYNNDHAM LEWIS brings to her an altogether winning tenderness and serenity. (Arnold Bennett, one of *Peter Pan's* admirers, remarked in his journal that BARRIE was preoccupied with the mother-theme. "Everybody wants to be mothered—even *Smee*—except the braves and some of the pirates. The play is nearly all mothering. Even the dog is a mother-nurse.") Any mother, we feel, would have warmed to the elderly and ineffectual pirate *Smee* now decorated by the bright eye and the Dublin lilt of Mr. ARTHUR SIN-

CLAIR. His fellow-pirate *Starkey* (Mr. KENNETH KOVE) is the soul of genteel gloom.

Among the rest Miss PHYLLIS JOYCE is a rather pale *Mrs. Darling* and Mr. IAN HARDY's *Slightly* an agreeable parrot; the other Lost Boys are in sound pillow-fighting form and may possibly be asked to give a hand to the Ministry of Works in the post-war construction of prefabricated houses.

Last, a notice of *Peter Pan* would be unfinished without a word for the Crocodile and its gently-smiling jaws, and the annual obeisance to that old friend and elusive actress Miss JENNY WREN, for ever *Tinker Bell*.

J. C. T.



### ROUGH WEATHER FOR PIRATES

Captain Hook . . . . . MR. WALTER FITZGERALD  
Peter Pan . . . . . MISS FRANCES DAY

conscious that the boy who wouldn't grow up is, in fact, both grown-up and sophisticated. But, as Polonius said in effect, who would expostulate why Day is Day? Within the limits of the actress's personality the part is loyally sustained. The new *Peter* is always a gallant fellow, eager and agile. Miss DAY has the proper glow in the defiance of *Hook*, a pleasant aerial grace in the leadership of the flying squad, and the correct sincerity in the appeal for *Tinker Bell* (no sugar-plum fairy, this), who recovers as rapidly as ever.

The year's *Captain Hook*, that heart of darkness, black sheep of Balliol, is everything he should be as a curse of the Caribbean, or the Never-Never

## Toller Applies

To General Committee, Little Soaring Golf Club

**S**IRS,—With respect to your advertisement for a Secretary in the *South Wimshire Times*, I regret this application will arrive after the date laid down, but you will doubtless appreciate the delay of correspondence both ways from Holland, while in addition Lt Stookley, whose aunt sends him the paper every week, is in the habit of retiring with it into corners and indulging in nostalgic orgies with Wimshire market prices and the progress of the town rugby side.

The preference expressed for an ex-officer will be satisfied by myself on demobilization unless I have by then resigned claim to the description as the result of continued inability to prevent the Troop from hanging vehicles with German helmets, flags, etc., contrary to Sqn orders; an attraction to souvenirs now extended to a newly-captured Volkswagen from which I am unable to part my batman-gunner, this little car being cached in a wood during present operations and causing its owner such anxiety that his powers of concentration even under fire are impaired to the point of forgetting the whereabouts of parked chewing-gum; so the turret is a continual danger and one day, I am convinced, will become stuck and refuse to traverse.

Experience as Assistant Adjt during a quieter period of the war has taught me much of the secretarial side of life, such as the importance of having everything in triplicate, while the same post gave me opportunity of dealing with difficult situations liable to arise even in a golf club; one example occurring when, in the absence of the Adjts, I was in the midst of a difficult morning which had already amassed in the Orderly Room a purple father who was under the impression we had an arrangement for introducing recruits to feminine members of the local Hippodrome, a Naafi manageress who was under the impression her weekly coal allowance was publicly auctioned to the highest bidder to enable the Adjts to smoke expensive Turkish cigarettes in the cedar cabinet he purchased to impress reporting officers, and a Polish padre who was under an impression which we were still in the process of elucidating when the telephone rang to say there was a horse in the gymnasium.

This particular situation, although correctly dealt with by means of messages to secure identifying marks, to secure the actual animal with gymnasium skipping-rope and prevent him swinging on the bars or frolicking with the gymnasium horse, was unfortunately made more difficult by District, to whom the matter was reported by myself by telephone, ringing back that evening to startle the duty officer into action on the theory there was a corpse in the gymnasium, my message having been misheard and the duty officer being in the midst of a thriller in which this was an every-page occurrence.

Situations of this sort are presumably of a higher horse-power than any likely to obtain in golf-club life, and I should therefore be able to handle isolated incidents of members who are reported as partaking in fisticuffs on the 18th green, who dislike the shape of bunkers I design or who are black-balled for kicking their drives out of the rough as the result of a camouflaged police patrol which I suggest for cleaning up the game; this being especially necessary among women players who here have a French logic which on one occasion led my sister to kick her own ball out of a bunker while treading my aunt's into the sand—although this admittedly was subsequent to a tiff on the family matter of my Uncle Lionel who lowers tone by patronizing pier slot-machines and drinking with old salts who sell him fish which he brings back and offers my aunt at midnight.

Should this experience and this sample of my intended work not be deemed to fulfil the conditions of "secretarial knowledge," I have before the war actually on two occasions been a secretary: firstly as the outcome of Miss Sheila Winterboom's posting to President of the local Drama League with my own election in her place as secretary of the Shakespeare Reading Society while I was absent with a bout of influenza, the news not contributing to my immediate recovery as the position was one of endless anxiety since one duty was to extirpate all indelicate insinuation from plays and all possible personal come-backs; this last proving necessary when Miss Winterboom, who must tip twenty stone, had electrified a village hall with the intelligence that her little body was weary of the great world.

The secretarial experience gathered in this position included the expulsion

from the society of an eccentric old gentleman who took upon himself to do "noises off" behind sofas and in corners until, while gargling in imitation of the river during the description of Ophelia's death, he choked violently and was taken to a nursing home where he gave all the nurses names of Shakespeare characters and sued the Society for breach of contract.

Another difficulty was the variation in attendance between houses providing buns and those providing sherry and small impaled sausages, resulting one evening in an attempt to read Othello with myself, a retired fish-monger and his co-opted niece, aged thirteen; such situations, however, calling for social tact which should be useful in golf circles as should also my acquired ability, gained as secretary of a cricket club, to fix matches so as to obviate such early errors as the unfortunate passing on the road of two char-a-bancs containing opposing teams each aiming to play on the other's ground.

In conclusion I am aware of the traditions of golf, its part in pre-war national life and in the future remoulding of civilian morale, in which work a golf-club secretary with the patience and sympathy to talk with members over refreshment in the evening can, I am convinced, wield great influence for good in the matter, too, of financial reconstruction as I will have access to shares of several concerns of promise, contemplated by officer members of this mess, such as the manufacture of the Belgian-type projecting stove.

Should the green slopes of the Little Soaring fairways have been ploughed up for vegetables, I have qualifications for stopping their growth, having been Unit Gardening Officer back in England.

Yours faithfully,

J. TOLLER, Lt.

B.L.A.

### Rodent Operatives' Corner

"Working Mousekeeper required by young unmarried clergyman."

Advt. in Belfast paper.

### This Week's Vicious Circle

"This caustic criticism may be discussed at the next meeting of the Critics Circle. vice procedure shall be transmitted to the Government."—*Press journal*.





"Yes, but the last time I pulled the plug out it woke him up."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Good People and Others

MRS. MARY AGNES HAMILTON has been in public life since leaving Newnham before the last war, as a political journalist, a Labour M.P., a delegate to the League of Nations, a lecturer in the States, a Governor of the B.B.C., and a biographer of Ramsay MacDonald, Beatrice and Sidney Webb, and Arthur Henderson. For some reason, perhaps because as a progressive and an idealist she shrinks from the appearance of egotism, she presents her record of all these experiences as though it were a tribute to her friends. *Remembering My Good Friends* (CAPE, 12/6) is the title she gives her book, which, she says, is not intended to be about herself but about "the good people I have known." Of these there are certainly enough, and as in nine instances out of ten Mrs. HAMILTON puts in no shadows to throw their virtues into relief, it is not surprising that on the last page she sighs despondently—"One can be clever, at small expense, about the bad: one is terribly apt to be at best woolly and at worst namby-pamby about the good." Fortunately, her benevolence is not unintermittent; her political idealism has had many shocks, and when she remembers these her style becomes more pointed and forceful. In perhaps her most interesting chapter she describes how she and her friends at Cambridge believed in a world order of which their lives were somehow to be part. "We did not talk about religion, mainly because our belief in progress and human perfectibility was sufficient; full of faith in man, we did not need faith in God." Her

heroes were therefore politicians, Liberal and then Labour, each for a time a Moses leading Israel to the Promised Land, and each in due course a subject for disillusioned retrospect. There is nothing woolly or namby-pamby in her memories of Sir John Simon, or Ramsay MacDonald, and though her admiration of the Webbs is still strong, and she speaks of their "high, ardent, idealistic enthusiasm," the impression she conveys of them is not unduly endearing. She visited them about the biography which she was writing. Mrs. Webb took her for a walk ("the country was, somehow, not their natural setting; they went for walks out of a sense of duty"); and Mr. Webb, regarding her in rather bird-like fashion, dismissed her with "No intimacy, I beg." The present war has changed Mrs. HAMILTON's view of religion, and her final conclusion is that "a Socialism which leaves unexplored the question whence values originate leaves out the essential element." H. K.

#### Songs After Sunrise

It is far more interesting for us others that Irish poets should make Ireland their theme; should stress their European affinities; should ignore our alien affairs; should cultivate our language only in so far as it is a modern *lingua franca* and, even then, shape it to what Mr. Yeats has called "indomitable Irishry." So when *Poems From Ireland* (IRISH TIMES, 7/6) does all these things—and forty-one of the paper's poets contribute to a memorable anthology—one admits their right to serve mankind as Irishmen and judges their output accordingly. Their level of accomplishment is admirably high and unstrained, though their work remains disconcerting. The congenial vein is still retrospective; or at best—a notable best—it identifies itself with the eternal Ireland of Brigid and Brendan. To be the heirs of a revolution and lack the élan of a Victor Hugo or a Swinburne augurs sadly for the immediate future. Yet the Irish poet is disappointed and disappointing as magnificently as ever. His technique is his own: so much so that the editor, Mr. DONAGH MACDONAGH, can write a perfect Irish ballad to an English tune. And coterie-fashions mean so little to him that there is only one piece of pseudo-Hopkins in the whole delightful book. H. P. E.

#### "How Like an Angel Came I Down . . ."

The mood in which the Poet Laureate recalls his first term in the school-ship *Conway* in *New Chum* (HEINEMANN, 9/6) is a dual one, made up in part of that affectionate and slightly wistful retrospect with which those who have passed middle age are apt to look back upon an infinitely removed childhood, in part—the greater part—of the wonder and delight that finds expression in Thomas Traherne's "I nothing in the world did know But 'twas divine." In this case, indeed, the magical transmutation extends itself to the less pleasant aspects of life; beings of a sinister splendour, uttering piratical oaths, stalk across the stage, filling the beholder with a joy none the less real because fearful. A maturer view might indeed see in the magnificent pirates neither more nor less than average greedy small boys, rather unduly given to bullying and horseplay and the bad language accounted mainly by the adolescent, and in Potter's "Wanderer," which to Mr. MASEFIELD's youthful imagination appeared the perfection of maritime beauty, "an ugly great lump of a ship" (to quote an old seaman's description) "that was for ever getting herself into trouble." Mr. MASEFIELD appears indeed to have been—as one would naturally expect—at once an unusually sensitive and what his shipmates would no doubt have termed an unusually "green" new chum;

and his narrative, told with much loving detail, admirably expresses the reactions to be looked for from such a combination of characteristics, in a typical poet's prose. C.F.S.

### Work for Ladies

Bread has lost caste since the lady ceased to be the "loaf-kneader" and the lord the "loaf-ward." If you are intimate enough with your baker to ask why his bread is so tasteless and soggy he will tell you that the flour is as the big mills send it and that if his loaf were less wet than the other bakers' he would be either ruined or prosecuted—for the stuff has to be sold by weight. Mrs. DORIS GRANT has therefore abundant reason for suggesting—as she does in *Your Daily Bread* (FABER, 4/6)—that the lady should turn loaf-kneader again. She herself would like to see a wholemeal loaf made of wheat from the family sack, wheat grown without chemicals, fresh-ground by a small electric mill. Pending the attainment of this aim she lists seven mills where you can get genuine flour, and easy directions for making the delicious and sustaining "Grant Loaf." The research that went before this feat and the promising experiments in diet that follow, together with Sir Albert Howard's chapter on "The Soil Grows the Man," more than justify the contention of Lord Teviot's foreword that "this fine book should be in every home." H. P. E.

### Henry W. Nevinson

In his introduction to *Visions and Memories* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 10/6), a selection from the prose and verse writings of Henry W. Nevinson, Professor GILBERT MURRAY narrates how Nevinson, after involving himself in a brawl at a suffrage meeting, called on a friend and, throwing himself into a chair, exclaimed: "Why do other people stop making fools of themselves by about seventeen, while I go on till I am sixty?" Probably there was not much real dissatisfaction with himself in this exclamation. Movement and excitement were essential to Nevinson, who between 1897 and the end of the last war was one of the most widely travelled special correspondents of his time. Politically he was a Liberal, by temperament a romantic. His ideal man would probably have been a mixture of Gladstone and Byron, but if he had had to choose between the two he would certainly have preferred Byron. His writing has the characteristics belonging to such an outlook on life. Goethe is to him not only a man of insatiable curiosity but also of adventurous spirit. He approves Yeats's desire to seem "though I die old, a foolish passionate man." He prefers the man "whose talk is of bullocks" to the sage who regards such a man as unfit for responsible position in the community. He even allows himself to be carried away by the Futurists, the literary predecessors of Mussolini, and writes, in 1914, of a future age in which he sees "magnificent and adventurous women, virile, gigantic, devoid of shame, loathing effeminacy, giving the breast to superb and violent infants." The best essays in this book are those which narrate his personal experiences, in South Africa at the time of the Boer War, in Upper Savoy where he met Ruskin when an old man, in the Greek war against Turkey nearly fifty years ago. H. K.

### Both Sides of the Picture

At the end of the last war Mr. PERCY BROWN, newly-released from a German prison, had choice of two occupations—the joiner's bench or Fleet Street. His book, *Almost in Camera* (HOLLIS AND CARTER, 15/-), gives us the result of that choice. His first big scoop as a Press

photographer was—"a nice quiet job, the Peace Conference, which wrote the script for the world's greatest drama, now showing." The last adventure in photography he describes was his "covering" of Sir Oswald Mosley's big meeting at Olympia where, after seeing two women dragged out by the hair and a would-be rescuer kicked in the stomach, he was himself set upon by thugs and saved only by his own rage and the help of three "free Englishmen." In between there are descriptions of journeys all over Europe. The book is unpretentiously written, is full of human stories, and presents a good case for the cameraman whose life, at times luxurious, at times dangerous, is never easy and demands so many different loyalties. B. E. B.

### Points for the Peace Conference

Mr. WILSON HARRIS has written what he terms an "entirely unambitious" little book entitled *Problems of the Peace* (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 3/6) in which he deals with some of the difficulties facing any future Peace Conference. He confines himself, naturally, to the European side of the war—quite sufficient, we may all agree, for the present. Where is the said Conference to be held? At Geneva, he decides. And what interpretation are we to put on certain clauses of the Atlantic Charter—as, for example, that there should be no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned? The problem of Poland in this respect will obviously be very complicated. Then Austria, recovering her independence, should get back the Southern Tyrol. And there will clearly be difficulties in the Balkans. Shall Albania be permitted to emerge again as an independent state, with a population less than that of Birmingham? What is to be done about Libya? But the supreme test of the Conference must be the settlement with Germany, in which somehow a just mean is to be discovered between sentimentalism and vindictiveness. L. W.





### Close-Up

ANY writer who calls his book "An ABC of—" or "An Intelligent Man's Guide to—" is fairly certain to increase my account at the bookseller's. I cannot resist things put into nutshells. Mr. C. K. Ogden's book *The ABC of Psychology* appealed to me immensely as soon as I saw it. The price was right (Pelican, 9d.), the title was right and the author was right—only a practical psychologist could think up such an effective title.

A first inspection of the book showed several photographs of apes and chimpanzees and one of Arnold Bennett. Anyone familiar with the brighter

periodicals would assume, as I did, that the juxtaposition was intended and loaded with meaning. I was glad to find that it was not. The only thing at all remarkable about the novelist's otherwise homely face was the dotted line bisecting it down the middle. I learned that this face had been chosen as a good example of the asymmetrical—"... the reader may imagine on the right-hand side of the dotted line the penetrating humorist who created *The Card* and on the other side the reflective artist whose *Old Wives' Tale* remains a landmark in literature."

I imagined for all I was worth but

without success. Once, it is true, after a long study of the left side of the photograph, I *thought* I noticed a slight twitching of the eyebrow—but that was all. Except for the fact that the moustache was trimmed rather roughly in one place I could find no real difference between left and right.

From Arnold Bennett it was but a short step to the mirror. For a second I hardly dared to look at the picture before me, remembering that "insanity is often indicated by a cocking of one eyebrow." All was well, however. With my fountain-pen I marked dots from my old hair line down my nose to the point of my chin. Then I made a complete inventory of my blemishes. The wrinkles went like this:

	Left	Right
Main Channels ..	3	3
Consequents ..	2	1
Obsequents ..	3	7
Subsequents ..	11	8
	19	19

Apart from an incipient tributary in the left cheek the parity was perfect. I was regrettably symmetrical.

Miss Bosworth, my secretary, distrusts statistics. She maintains that my right profile reveals a man who knows a good bit of docketing when he sees it and that the left profile hints at poetry and emotional starvation. Miss Bosworth is a clever girl.

What about you, gentle reader, are you a lop-sided genius? Or are you average and symmetrical? Obviously the opinion of your friends counts for something but it should not be relied on exclusively. There are several tests you can make yourself. Try these two:

1. Can you insert a finger between your hat and your head just above your ears? If so (on one side only) you are obviously asymmetrical and might well ask for a rise. If digital insertion is possible on both sides the hat is either a poor fit or it belongs to someone else.

2. Are you frequently mistaken for other people in the street? If so it may be that one side of your face is commonplace. That side, very obviously, should be the side for your pipe and for any cuts you care to make while shaving.

But even if every test and every opinion fails there is no need for gloom. Mr. Ogden's book goes on to say "A different type of genius is found, though very rarely, in unified personalities with complete facial symmetry..."

Yes, Mr. Ogden is a very fine psychologist.



## A Christmas Epysode

By Smith Minor

**J**EST after what I am going to tell you hapened, Green said to me,

"Young Smith, are we both dippy?"

"Not both," I said.

"There are times, young Smith," he said, "when one nead not be funny."

"I wasn't being funny," I said, "I meant it."

"Oh, then why shuoldn't we both be dippy?" he said.

"Well, one of us might be easily," I said, "but if we both were, that wuold be what's called a coynceidunce."

"What is a coynceidunce?" he said.

I hapened to know, jest having learnt how to spell it, and they give you the meanings at the same time.

"A coynceidunce," I said, "is when two things you don't expeekt hapen together, like, say, well, if two poeple stoop to pick up something a woman has dropped and bump their heads. It's also called a notable concurance of events."

Note. This may surprise you, but I hapen to have a very good memory for things like this up to one week. End of note.

"Then it can hapen?" said Green.

"It must be able to," I said, "or wuold there be the word?"

"Then why shuoldn't we be a coynceidunce?" he said.

"I see what you mean," I said.

"So are we both dippy?" he said.

"Proberly yes," I said.

And what folows is why, thouth aekually it came before. That is, it came before to us, thouth it will come after to you.

Well, anyhow, once a year Green and I have an afternoon of Xmas Shopping together, that is if we have anything to shop with. We don't know exackly why we do it, exepcting that we did it one year, and next year we said shall we do it again, like one dose, and so it went on, like things do. As a matter of fact, now we've grown rather fond of it in a way and mean to go on doing it all our lives untill we are old men, saying we ever become old men, and saying our wives will let us, saying we have wives, and the only year that we cuold of done it that we didn't was last year, when Green had Mumpha. But this year,

"Being neither broke nor ill,  
Thouh not a lot was in the till,"

we did it again as ushuel, with the result the reader is about to learn.

We had already bought most of our presents, becorse we don't wait for each other before we begin, but Green still had four presents to get with three-and-tenpence to get them with and I still had seven to get with two-and twopence, so the posision, you might say, was *un morceaux* grim. We always give as many presents as we can, becorse the more you give one year the more you get the next. That is, if the poeple remember, wich mind you one can't count on.

Folowing our ushuel plan, as they say, we desided not to buy anything for an hour, but to spend it (the hour) going into the shops where the shop-poeple don't swoop on you like eagels and you can get the lie of the land. We didn't go into the same shops, becorse when we shop together we always begin by seperating. You see, in this way you cover dubble as many shops in the hour as you wuold if you didn't, it was Green's idea, and you meat afterwords at some *donné* place

(that's "given place," if you don't speak French), and tell each other of anything good you have found. Well, anyhow, at the end of the hour all I had found that seamed worth mensioning was packets of rather querious envelops and all Green had found was cards of buttons. We felt a bit depressed.

But sudenly, wile we were wondering weather the envelops and the buttons wuold be liked by those who had to have them, one has to think of that, we spotted a very old man standing against a wall, he looked about ninety-nine, with a basket of coloured things wich at first we didn't know what they were, but wich when you got closer turned out to be painted pine-combs with, honestly, quite good faces.

"I say, what about these?" I said.

"They seam to me first-rate," said Green.

"You can't get away from it," I said.

"Did you make them yourself?" he



said, not to me this time, but to the old man.

The old man didn't answer, he seemed to be asleep, so one could examine him. You could hardly see his face for hair, Green swore he hadn't shaved since he was a baby, his toes came out of his boots, and if you'd offered the suit he was wearing to a scarecrow, honestly the scarecrow would of said no. Somehow, though it was interesting, it made you feel a bit, well, uncomfortable.

"Do you suppose we'll ever be like that?" I said.

"I don't think anyone else could be like that," said Green.

"You never know," I said. I happen to have thort a good deal about the future.

"That's true," he said. "You start out with fair hopes."

"And, lo! what happens!" I said.

"We'd better make sure he isn't dead," he said, and so he asked him again, a bit more loudly, "I say, old chap, did you make these yourself?"

This time the old man opened his eyes, and stared at us as if we were a long way off. As a matter of fact, we weren't, but he was, and it took him several seconds to come back. When we thort he'd done it, Green asked him again, for the third time, and now he answered, you could only just hear him: "Aye, I made 'em."

"They're jolly good," I said.

I'd of said it if they weren't, but they were.

"I've walked ten miles with 'em, and I ain't sold not one," he said.

"How much are they?" said Green.

"One shillin—" he began to answer, and then, all of a sudden, he sort of swaid, and if Green and I hadn't quickly got on each side of him, he'd have been flop on the ground!

"I say, are you all right?" I said.

I grant you that was silly, becorse of corse he wasn't all right, but you always get what I said, not what would of been better if I had.

"I'll be all right in a minit," he said.

"You want a cup of tea," said Green.

"Praps I'll be able to get one presenly," he said.

"No, you want one now," said Green.

"I could do with it," he said, his voice getting feinter and feinter.

"Then come along," said Green.

"No, wait a minit," I said, "what about the basket?"

You see it was a big basket, how he had carried it ten miles who knew, and even if we could carry it into the restaurant, would they let us? And yet to leave it where it was, would that be safe,

"Scince some there are who, lo! will loot

The oldest man in the oldest suit?"

In the end we worked out that Green being a bit stronger than me, he generally winning seven wressles out of ten, should take the old man to the restaurant and give him the cup of tea, and that I should stay with the basket.

Well, off they went, Green jest maniging to hold the old man up, leaving me with the basket and my thorts, wich I tried to make worth wile, as one dose at Xmas. Most of them weren't worth wile, but I was jest getting one that seemed might be, it beginning, "If you are sorry for a hungry man you see, why shouldn't you be jest as sorry for one you don't see, say in China, he's jest as hungry," when a fat woman stopped and said, "I think I'll have one of those."

"What?" I said, this time I being the one who was a long way off.

"How much are they?" she said.

"A shilling," I said.

"I'll take two," she said, and took them and gave me two shillings.

Before I'd got over it, becorse it makes you feel a bit funny to be taken for a street-halker when you aren't, two girls came along, and one with rather nice teeth said, "Look!"

"I expectt they cost a lot," said the other one.

"Only a shilling," I said.

"Did you make them?" said the one with the teeth.

"No, an old man who's ill did," I said.

"And you're selling them for him?" said the other one.

"I seem to be," I said.

Beleive it or not, they bort four!

Well, as I'd begun, I thort I might go on, and so when the next poeple came by, they were three men in top hats, I called out, "Funny faces." They didn't buy any, they seemed annoyed, but the next person did, it was a nurse with a pramb, and as I now kept on calling "Funny faces" quite a lot of poeple stopped, with the upshot that by the time Green and the old man came back I had sold twenty!!

The old man looked better, thouth still wobbly, and when I told him what I'd done, honestly I thort he was going to cry.

"You mean you've sold twenty, young gentelman?" he said.

"Yes," I said.

"Why, that's twenty-five bob," he said.

"What?" I said.

"Ain't that right, at one-and-three?" he said.

"Oh," I said.

The garstly thing that had hapened was this. When he'd said the price was one shilling (see back to wherever he said it) he hadn't quite finished, and before he'd had time to add the three-pence he'd swaid and gone flop. Of corse he didn't know I didn't know, so, well, could one let him down, Green agreeing that one couldn't when I took him a little way off and put it to him. Luckerly he still had 2/10 left after paying for the old man's tea, this costing a shilling with buns, and so with what he had left, and my 2/2, well, that jest made it.

Of corse, it meant that eleven poeple won't get Xmas presents now who'd been going to, but as they didn't know they'd been going to we hope it won't matter.

Anyhow, now you know why we both think we're both dippy.

Here ends Mr. Punch's Two



Hundred and Seventy Volume

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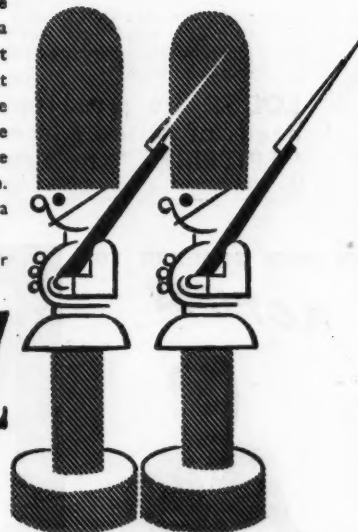
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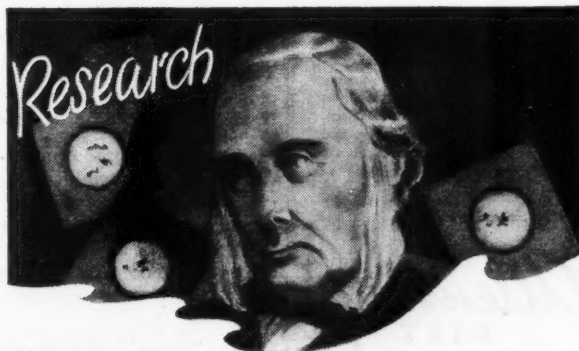


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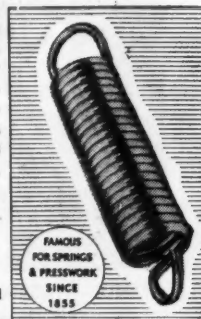
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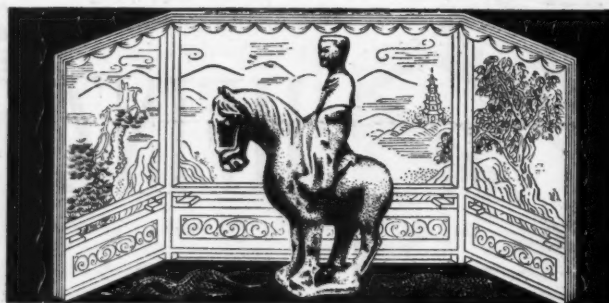


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Fei-Tsien—Flying Money—the ancestor of the bill of exchange, was invented in China in the seventh century. It provided a means of transmitting money from place to place and thus assisted in developing trade and travel in China's vast territories.

The Emperor of the T'ang dynasty who originated this method of payment little knew he was sowing a seed which would grow into a highly specialized financial system enabling nation to trade with nation.

Modern international commerce calls at many stages for facilities which only a bank with wide ramifications can provide. In whatever overseas transactions you are interested and whatever the nature of your engagements, this Bank, with an extensive branch system in the home country and banking connections throughout the whole wide world, is able to offer you unrivalled services at whichever of its 1800 offices is most convenient for your purpose.

**MIDLAND BANK LIMITED**

**OVERSEAS BRANCH:**

122 OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON, E.C.2

**SKIN  
TROUBLES**  
Quickly Cleared

D.D.D. Balm smoothed into the skin, gently and quickly soothes irritation and soreness. This anti-septic non-greasy Balm disappears into the skin and disperses the infectious germs, rapidly putting new health into your skin. D.D.D. Balm is effective in healing all skin disorders and also for cuts, burns and open wounds. From all chemists at 2/- per jar (inc. tax).

**D.D.D. BALM**

FOR ALL

**RHEUMATIC ILLS**

**CURICONES**

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS

*Hurrah.*  
**BERMALINE**  
*Baked by Good Bakers everywhere*  
**BREAD**  
*for tea!*



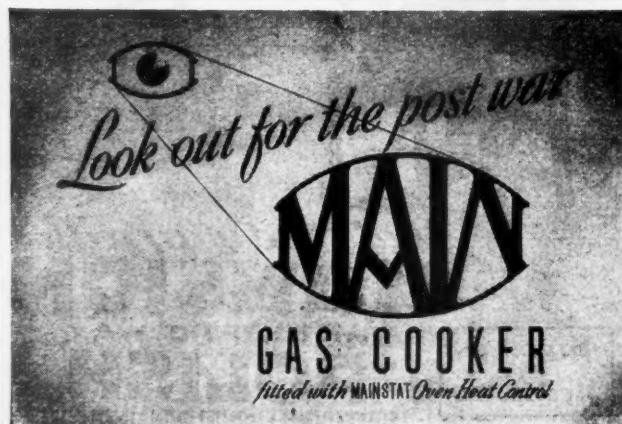
Good, pure delicious food. A treat to eat—and easily digested.

Enquiries to: MONTGOMERIE & CO. LTD. - IBROX - GLASGOW

Remember  
**Spode**  
A great Name  
in good China

MANUFACTURED by W. T. COPELAND & SONS, LTD.  
SPODE WORKS, STOKE-ON-TRENT.

*Look out for the post war*



**MAIN**  
**GAS COOKER**  
*fitted with MAINSTAT Oven Float Control*

Coronation Pageant 1937



GOOD THINGS come by two and two—

Lavender and lace,  
 Gin and Vermouth, ham and eggs,  
 Loveliness and grace,  
 Sage and onions, fun and games,  
 Bands and marching troops,  
 Port and walnuts, hearth and home,  
 SYMINGTON'S AND SOUPS.

W. SYMINGTON &amp; CO. LTD., MARKET HARBOROUGH.

KNOCK **H** OUT OF**S**AVING

A good razor blade needs three things: special steel, a fine cutting edge and a good temper. All three are found at their best in Sheffield, the 'home of the cutting edge'. All three combine to make Laurel the perfect blade. Pay what you will, you cannot get a better blade than

**LAUREL***The Good-tempered Sheffield Blade**Made by George Lawrence Ltd. of Sheffield.***1½**Including  
purchase tax

CVS-22

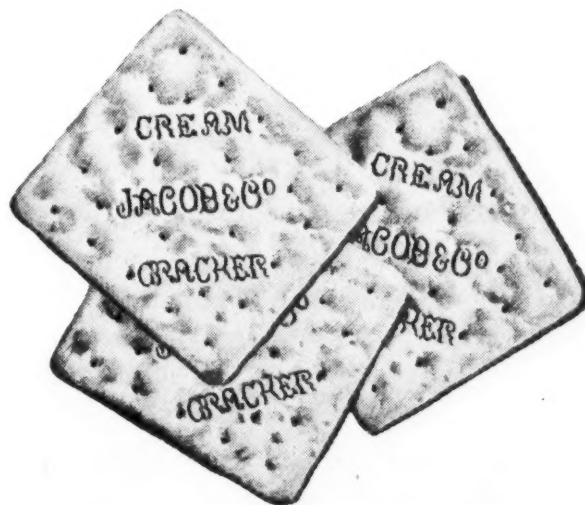
**THE MILKY WAY***(evaporated)*

There are three stages in the making of evaporated milk. Stage one is Strawberry (calved in February now giving three and a half gallons). Stage two is a six feet wide double coil of stainless steel tube. Stage three is what you buy over the counter. The

Talbot-Stead Tube Company was responsible for charming the steel tubes into the intricate shape shown in stage two and it is not the first time manufacturers have watched their difficulties evaporate through the channels of stainless steel tubes.

An advertisement published by  Tube Investments Limited for**TALBOT-STEAD TUBE COMPANY LTD**

GREEN LANE · WALSALL



Available only within a limited area until  
 after the  
 war ...

**JACOB'S**  
 cream crackers

W. &amp; R. JACOB &amp; CO. (LIVERPOOL) LTD.



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## EXTRA VITAMINS ESSENTIAL TO HEALTH

COLDS and influenza cannot be resisted when your diet is deficient in vitamin A: the daily dose of Crookes' ensures you the necessary amount. Adults cannot keep healthy and children cannot grow up with straight bones and strong teeth without sufficient vitamin D: the daily dose of Crookes' keeps your supply well above the safety level.

This extra supply of vitamins A and D will work wonders in building up your resistance and stamina through this sixth wartime winter.

### CROOKES' HALIBUT OIL

OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM CHEMISTS

Capsules—per bottle of 100—8/6

Liquid—per phial—enough for 16 days 2/-



## 'NAVAL ENGAGEMENT'

'Congratulations. Brilliant naval action. Splice the main brace.' Such was the message flashed by Divisional Headquarters to a squadron of the Brigade of Guards after an armoured car patrol of the Household Cavalry had sunk at Nijmegen Bridge three of a string of four enemy barges. (*vide The Times, October 9th, 1944.*)

It has been confirmed that the armoured cars were DAIMLER.

Daimler  
goes  
to war

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LIMITED · LONDON AND COVENTRY

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